











PERICLES : *By*  
*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE* \* \* \* \*



SANDS & COMPANY  
L O N D O N  
*MDCCCXCVIII.*



# PERICLES.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*  
PERICLES, *Prince of Ture*  
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Ture*  
ESCANES, }  
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis*  
CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus.*  
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mytilene*  
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus*  
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch*  
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon*  
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza*  
*Marshal*  
*A Pandar* BOULT, *his Servant*  
*The Daughter of Antiochus*  
DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon*  
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides*  
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*  
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina*  
*A Bard*

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers*

DIANA

GOWER, *as Chorus*

*SCENE — Dispersedly in various Countries.*



## ACT I

*Enter GOWER**Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old it is sung,  
 Your ashes and a Gower is come,  
 Assumed a true countenance,  
 To glad your ears, and please your eyes,  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On embayments and holy days,  
 And lords and ladies in their love  
 Have read it for recreation;  
 The pictures of it make you glorious;  
 Et hoc unquam antiquum, cunctibus  
 If now, heard in this latter times,  
 When it is more repugnant to times,  
 And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to some wishes pleasure bring,  
 I have wound a web, and that I might  
 Water it with a few tears bright  
 This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great  
 Built up, this city, this choicest seat,  
 The fairest on our sphere,  
 I tell you out mine authors say:  
 This king unto his son a boy,  
 Who died and left a boy to rear,  
 So buzzon, blithe, and full of hue  
 As heron hatched out of his grace;  
 With whom the father's likeness took,  
 And her to incest did prove;  
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own  
 To evil should be it by none  
 But custom what way did begin

*Was with long use account no sin.*  
*The beauty of this sinful dame*  
*Made many princes thither frame,*  
*To seek her as a bedfellow,*  
*In marriage-pleasures playfellow:*  
*Which to prevent he made a law,*  
*To keep her still, and men in awe,*  
*That whoso asked her for his wife,*  
*His riddle told not, lost his life*  
*So for her many a wight did die,*  
*As yon grim looks do testify*  
*What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye*  
*I give, my cause who best can justify* [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
 Nature this dowry gave, to gladden her presence,  
 The senate-house of plants all did sit,  
 To knit in her their best perfections.

[Music.] Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes apparell'd like the  
 spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men !  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflamed desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness !

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance  
pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must ;

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did :  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
And all good men, as every prince should do ;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came.  
[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS*] But my un-  
spotted fire of love to you.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion then ;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove  
prosperous !  
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness.

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage. [*He reads the riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed ;  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers !  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,  
 Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill  
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;  
 I think no man on whom perfections wait  
 That knowing sin within, will touch the gate  
 You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings,  
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music, <sup>1</sup>  
 Would draw heaven down and all the gods to  
 hearken

But being play'd upon before your time,  
 Hell only dunceth it so harsh a chime  
 Good sooth, I care not for you

*Ant.* Prince Perick, touch not, upon thy life,  
 For that is an article within our law  
 As dangerous as the rest Your time's expired:  
 Either expound now or receive your sentence

*Per.* Great king,

I would love to hear the sins they love to act,  
 'T would bind yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that in marches do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;  
 For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
 Blows dust in other's eyes, to spoil itself,  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the soul eyes see clear  
 To stop the ur would hurt them The blind mole  
 casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is  
 throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die  
 for't

Kings are earth's gods, in vice their law's their

will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?  
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] Heaven ! that I had thy head ; he

● has found the meaning ; ●

But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
Forty days longer we do respite you ;  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son  
And until then your entertain shall be  
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight !  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain you were not so bad  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;  
Where now you're both a father and a son,  
By your untimely clasplings with your child,  
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father ;  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which we  
mean  
To have his head.  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner ;  
And therefore instantly this prince must die,  
For<sup>a</sup>by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us there ?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call ?

*Ant.* Thaliard,  
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy ;  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;  
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill  
him :

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

*Thal.* My lord, 't is done.

*Ant.* Enough.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow shot  
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
Unless thou say ' Prince Pericles is dead.'

*Thal.* My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure enough : so, farewell to your  
highness.

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu ! [*Exit THALIARD.*

Till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest, as not an hour  
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me  
quiet ?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes  
shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here .  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,



Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
 Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done,  
 Grows elder now and cares it be not done.  
 And so with me : the great Antiochus,  
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great can make his will his act  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to  
     silence ;  
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him,  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him ;  
 And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known.  
 With hostile forces he'll overspread the land,  
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
 Amaze ment shall drive courage from the state,  
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend  
     them,  
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.*

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

*Second Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable !

*Hel.* Peace, peace ! and give experience tongue :  
 They do abuse the king that flatter him ;  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
 glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err :  
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else ; but let your cares o'er-  
 look

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
 And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.

*Helicanus, thou*

Hast moved us ; what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven,  
 from whence

They have their nourishment ?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
 To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself ;  
 Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise ;  
 Sit down ; thou art no flatterer :

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid

That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
 hid !

Nor ye'  
 Then counsellor and servant for a prince,  
 Thus by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,  
 What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
 Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
 That minister'st a potion unto me  
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me then: I went to Antioch,  
 Where as thou know'st, against the face of death  
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
 From whence an issue I might propagate,  
 Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
 The rest, hark in thine ear, as black as incest;  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou  
 know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.  
 And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,  
 That I should open to the listening air  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
 To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done  
 him;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,



I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.  
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
 'Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Same. An Antechamber in the  
 Palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here  
 must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not I  
 am sure to be hanged at home 't is dangerous.  
 Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had  
 good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he  
 would of the king, desired he might know none  
 of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason  
 for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's  
 bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.  
 Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of  
 Tyre,  
 Further to question me of your king's departure:  
 His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
 Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* [Aside.] How! the king gone!

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
 Why, as it were uncensured of your loves,  
 He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
 Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,

Took some displeasure at him, at least he judged •  
so ;

And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,  
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself ;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;  
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,  
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.  
I'll present myself Peace to the lords of Tyre !

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles ;  
But since my landing I have understood •  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us :  
Yet, ere you shall depart, thus we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may least in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own ?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
 quench it ;  
 For who digs hells because they do aspire  
 'Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
 O my distressed lord ! even such our griefs are ;  
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionysa,  
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
 Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
 Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep  
 'Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
 louder ;

That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,  
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
 And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the govern-  
 ment,  
 A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the  
 clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at :  
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by ;  
 Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on as delight ;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O ! 't is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,  
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise ;  
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;  
Those mothers who, to nurse up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true ?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O ! let those cities that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears.  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor ?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring  
shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.



*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor ;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Have stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already ;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to  
repeat :

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we fear ?

The ground's the lowest and we are half way there.  
Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace if he on peace consist ;  
If wars we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets :  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;

And these our ships, you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you !  
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise :  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !  
Till when, the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept ; first here  
awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. •  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring ;  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.

*The good in conversation,  
 To whom I give my benison,  
 Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;  
 And, to remember what he does,  
 Build his statue to make him glorious :  
 But tidings to the contrary  
 Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?*

*Dumb-show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ;  
 all the Train with them. Enter at another door  
 a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ;  
 PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; then gives  
 the Messenger a reward, and knights him.  
 Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c, severally.*

*Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
 Not to eat honey like a drone  
 From others' labours, for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keep good alive,  
 And to fulfil his prince's desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre .  
 How Thahard came full bent with sin  
 And had intent to murder him,  
 And that in Tarsus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest.  
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;  
 For now the wind begins to blow,  
 Thunder above and deeps below  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe is wreck'd and split ;*



*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

*First Fish.* Alas! poor souls; it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

*Per.* [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

*Second Fish.* Why, man?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*Aside.*] Simonides!

*Third Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve or men detect !  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Second Fish.* Honest ! good fellow, what's that ?  
If it be a day fits you, search out o' the calendar,  
and nobody look after it.

*Per.* Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

*Second Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea,  
to cast thee in our way !

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;  
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's  
them in our country of Greece gets more with  
begging than we can do with working.

*Second Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then ?

*Per.* I never practis'd it

*Second Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ;  
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou  
canst fish for 't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know,  
But what I am want teaches me to think on ;  
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die, quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I

have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*Second Fish.* Hark you, my friend ; you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Second Fish.* But crave ! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped then ?

*Second Fish.* O ! not all, my friend, not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt Second and Third Fishermen.*]

*Per.* [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour !

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir ; do you know where ye are ?

*Per.* Not well.

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you : this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good King Simonides, do you call him ?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir ; and he deserves to be so called for his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore ?

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes

and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

*Second Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses  
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; •  
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,  
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield  
'Twixt me and death'; and pointed to this brace;  
'For that, it saved me, keep it; in like necessity,  
The which the gods protect thee from! may defend  
thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again  
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir?



*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king ;  
I know it by this mark He loved me dearly,  
And for his sake I wish the having of it ;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;  
And, if that ever my low fortunes better,  
I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, do't take it ; and the gods give thee good on't.

*Second Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters ; there are certain condolences, certain vails I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ;  
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his gubbing on my arm :  
Unto thy value will I mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases

*Second Fish.* We'll sure provide ; thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honour be but equal to my will !  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Same* A Public Way or Platform  
leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for  
the reception of the King, PRINCESS, Ladies,  
Lords, &c.

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THALISA, Lords, and Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the  
triumph?

*First Lord.* They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our  
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself.

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll per-  
form.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his  
Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS:*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun ;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life of you.

*The Second Knight passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself ?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ;  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Pien por dulzura que  
por fuerza.*

*The Third Knight passes over.*

*Sim.* And what's the third ?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch ;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;  
The word, *Me pompus proceat apex.*

*The Fourth Knight passes over.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth ?

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside  
down ;  
The word, *Quod me alit me extinguit.*

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power  
and will,  
Which can as well inflame as it can kill

*The Fifth Knight passes over.*

*Thai.* The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;  
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

*The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over.*

*Sim.* And what's  
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ? -

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger ; but his present  
is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

*Sim.* A pretty moral ;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his  
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend ;  
For by his rusty outside he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the  
lance.

*Second Lord.* If well may be a stranger, for he  
comes  
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour  
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery

[*Exeunt.*  
*Great shouts, and all cry, ' The mean knight ! '*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Hall of State. A  
Banquet prepar'd.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights  
from tilting, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,  
To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
'Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :  
You are princes and my guests.

*Thar.* But you, my knight and guest ;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed ;  
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen  
of the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place ;  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simo-  
nides.

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days ; honour we  
love,  
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*First Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are  
gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knight.

*Sim.* Sit, sir ; sit.

*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These eates resist me, she but thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing' him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant  
gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman ;  
• Has done no more than other knights have done,  
Has broken a staff or so ; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

• *Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was ;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun for them to reverence  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy ;  
Where now his son like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :  
Whereby I see that Time is the king of men ;  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave.  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights ?

*First Knight.* Who can be other in this royal  
presence ?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,  
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile ;  
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

*Thai.* What is it  
To me, my father ?

*Sim.* O ! attend, my daughter :  
 Princes in this should live like gods above,  
 Who freely give to every one that comes .  
 To honour them ;  
 And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
 Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
 Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
 Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to  
 him.

*Thai.* Alas ! my father, it befits not me  
 Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;  
 He may my proffer take for an offence ;  
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How !  
 Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*Aside* ] Now, by the gods, he could not  
 please me better.

*Sign.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to  
 know of him,  
 Of whence he is, his name, and parentage .

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to  
 you

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
 freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre ; my name, Pericles ;  
 My education been in arts and arms ;  
 Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
 Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
 And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace names himself  
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
*Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which looks for other revels.*

Even in your armour, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love it in arms as well as beds.

*[The Knights dance.]*

So this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip,

And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are, my  
lord.

*Sim.* O ' that's as much as you would be denied  
Of your fair courte-y. *[The Knights and Ladies  
dame.]*

Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

*[To PERICLES.]* But you the best. Pages and  
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours,  
sir,

We have given order to be next our own.



*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at;  
Th'fore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for spending do their best. *Exeunt.*  
[It

SCENE IV *Time.* A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter HERMIANUS and ESCANES.*

*Herm.* No, Escanes, know this of me, 'tis  
Artiochus from incest lived not free,  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with  
him,  
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up stunk,  
Their bodies, even to loathing, for they so ill  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall.  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'T was very strange

*Herm.* And yet but just; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no hindrance  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'T is very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

*First Lord.* See, not a man, in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

*Second Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

*Third Lord.* And cursed be he that will not second't.

*First Lord.* Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.

•*Hel.* With me? and welcome. If happy day, my lords

*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane:

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And be resolved he lives to govern us,

Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,

And leaves us to our free election

*Second Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,

Like goodly buildings left without a roof

Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,

That best know how to rule and how to reign,

We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane!

*Hel.* For honour's cause forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
 To forbear the absence of your king ;  
 If in which time expired he not return,  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth  
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not  
 yield ;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp  
 hands :

Where peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter ; the Knights  
 meet him*

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simon-  
 ides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter thus I let you  
 know,  
 That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
 A married life.

*He.* reason to herself is only known,  
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Second Knight.* May we not get access to her,  
my lord?

*Sim.* Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly  
tied

Her to her chamber that 't is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*Third Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our  
leaves. [Exeunt Knights.

*Sim.* So,

They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's  
letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes. I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I am beholding to  
you

For your sweet music this last night. I do

Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing.  
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;  
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life

O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and  
thou art

A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A d d ed might gain her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, unless it be the king,  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie

*Sim.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud  
his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent

I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state ;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy. —

*Sim.* No ?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISSA*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you ?

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?

*[Aside.]* I am glad on't with all my heart.  
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger ? *[Aside.]* who, for aught I know,  
May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I may be.

Therefore hear you, mistress ; either frame  
Your will to mine, and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you —  
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too ;  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;  
And for a further grief, — God gave you joy !  
What ! are you both pleased ?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What ! are you both agreed ?

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed ;

Then with what haste you can get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Now sleep unlaked hath the rout ;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-ful breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eye of burning coal,  
Now couches for the mouse's hole,  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent  
With your fine fancies quaintly echo ;  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.*

*Dumb-show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter : PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida : SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter, she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and all depart.*

By many a dorn and painful perch  
 Of Pericles the careful search  
 By the four opposing coigns,  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made with all due diligence,  
 That horse and sail and high expense,  
 Can stand the quest At last from Tyre,  
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
 To the court of King Simonides  
 Are letters brought, the tenour these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead,  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
 The mutiny he here hastes to oppress;  
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Yransh'd the regions round,  
 And every one with claps can sound,  
 'Our heir-apparent is a king!  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
 His queen, with child, makes her desire,  
 Which who shall cross ' along to go;  
 Omit we all their dole and woe:  
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow, half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood



*Varies again ; the grisled north  
 Disgorge's such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives.  
 The lady shrieks, as I will-a-neur  
 Does full in travail with her fear ;  
 And what ensues in this fell storm  
 Shall for itself itself perform.  
 I will relate, when time may  
 Conveniently the rest convey,  
 Which might not what by me is told.  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-lost Pericles appears to speak.* [Exit.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on ship-board.*

*Per.* Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these  
 surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that  
 hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep. O ! still  
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders ; gently quench  
 Thy numble, sulphurous flashes. O ! how, Lychor-  
 ida,  
 How does my queen ? Thou stormest venomously ;  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ? The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard. Lychorida ! Lucina, O !  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails.

*Enter Lychorida, with an Infant*

Now, Lychorida !

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lychorida !

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods !  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away ? We here below  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life !  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions ! for  
Thou'art the richest welcome to this world  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make .  
To herald thee from the womb ; even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here. Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon't !

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

*Per.* Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt  
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

*Second Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and  
cloudy billows kiss the moon, I care not

*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard:  
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not  
be till the ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition

*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath  
been still observed, and we are strong in custom.  
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard  
straight

*Per.* As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

*Luc.* Here she lies, sir

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And eye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must overwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells—O Lychorida!  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.]

*Second Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

*Second Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
After thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

*Second Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O! make for Tarsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
I'll bring the body presently. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

*Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some POISONS who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men;  
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this

Till now I ne'er endured.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;



Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever  
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
 By turning o'er authorities, I have,  
 Together with my practice, made familiar  
 To me and to my art the blest infusions  
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;  
 And I can speak of the disturbances  
 That nature works, and of her cures; which doth  
 give me  
 A more content in course of true delight  
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
 To please the fool and death.

*Second Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus  
 pour'd forth  
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored:  
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but  
 even  
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
 Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.*

*First Serv.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that?

*Serv.* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set it down; let's look upon't.

*Second Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,  
 'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

*Second Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd !  
 Did the sea cast it up ?

*First Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
 As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Come, wrench it open.  
 Soft ! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*Second Gent.* A delicate odour

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.  
 O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

*First Gent.* Most strange !

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state, balm'd and en-  
 treasured

With full bags of spices ! A passport too !

Apollo, perfect me i' t' characters !

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

*Here I give to understand,  
 If e'er this coffin drive a-land,  
 I, King Pericles, have lost  
 This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
 Who finds her, give her burring ;  
 She was the daughter of a king :  
 Besides this treasure for a fee,  
 The gods require his charity !*

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
 That even cracks for woe ! This chanced to-night.

*Second Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night ;  
 For look how fresh she looks. They were too  
 rough

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The oppress'd spirits. I heard  
Of an Egyptian that had nine hours been dead,  
Who was by good appliance recover'd.

*Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, we'll send ; the fire and clothes  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you  
The viol once more. How thou start'st, thou block !  
The music there ! I pray you give her air.  
Gentlemen,  
This queen will live ; nature awake , a warmth  
Breathes out of her , she hath not been entranced  
Above five hours. See ! how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flower again.

*First Gen.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder and set up  
Your fair for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive ! behold,  
Her eyelids, cast to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be !

[*She moves.*]

*Thai.*

O dear Diana !



Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ?

*Second Gent.* Is not this strange ?

*First Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours !  
Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear  
her.

Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ;  
And Æsculapius guide us !  
[*Exeunt, carrying THAFSA away.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A Room in CLEON's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, Lychorida,  
with MARINA in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;  
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
Take from my heart all thankfulness ; the gods  
Make up the rest upon you !

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt  
you mortally,  
Yet glance full wanderingly on us

*Dion.* O your sweet queen !  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought  
her hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her !

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina, whom,

For she was born at sea, I have named so, here  
 I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
 The infant of your care, beseeching you  
 To give her princely training, that she may be  
 Manner'd as she is born.

*Cl.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
 For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,  
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
 By you relieved, would force me to my duty;  
 But if to that my nature need a spur,  
 The gods' revenge it upon me and mine,  
 To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
 Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,  
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
 By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
 Uncissar'd shall this bur of mine remain,  
 Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.  
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
 In bringing up my child.

*Thon.* I have one myself,  
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
 Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cl.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge  
 o' the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
 The gentlest winds of Heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
 Your offer. Come, dear't madam. O! no tears,  
 Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
 You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Enthus* A Room in CERIMON'S  
 House.

*Enter CERIMON and THAIS*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter and some certain jewels,  
 Lay with you in your coffer, which are now  
 At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's  
 That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,  
 Even on my coming time, but whether there  
 Deliver'd, by the holy gods,  
 I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,  
 My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
 A vestal livery will I take me to,  
 And never more have joy

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,  
 Diana's temple is not distant far,  
 Where you may abide till your date expire.  
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
 Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
 [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,*

*Welcomed and settled to his own desire.  
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
 Unto Diuna there a roturess.  
 Now to Marina bend your mind,  
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
 In music, letters, who hath gain'd  
 Of education all the grace,  
 Which makes her both the heart and place  
 Of general wonder. But, alack !  
 That monster envy, o'th' wrack  
 Of earned praise. Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
 And in this he hath our Cleon  
 One daughter, and a vench full grown,  
 Even ripe for marriage-rate, this maid  
 Hight Philoten, and it is said  
 For certain in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be.  
 Be't when she wove the strided silk  
 With fingers long, small, white as milk ;  
 Or when she wove with sharp well wound  
 The cambric, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it, or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records with moan, or when  
 She wove with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian, still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute Marina : so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers while. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,*

And not as even This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her evil thoughts to stand,  
 Lychorida, our nurse is dead  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Preordained for this blow. The unborn evils  
 I do commend to your content  
 (Only I cannot wipe them  
 Past on the lame feet of my rhyme,  
 Which never could I so utter,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way  
 Dionyza doth appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer

[Exit.]

SCENE I Tarsus An open Place near the  
 Sea-shore

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do't

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known  
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,  
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
 Inflame too nicely, nor let pity, which  
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
 A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have her.

Here

She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.

Thou art resolved ? •

*Leon.*

I am resolved.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

• *Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers ; the yellows,  
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
While summer-days do last. Ay me ! poor maïd,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you keep  
alone ?

How chance my daugh'er is not with you ? Do  
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing ; you have  
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your savour's chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe ! Come,  
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you ;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come ;  
I love the king your father, and yourself, •  
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here ; when he shall come and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
No care to your best courses . Go, I pray you ;  
Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 't is good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.  
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
What ! I must have care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.

[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is the wind westerly that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so ?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cried ' Good seamen ! ' to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes ;  
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this ?

*Mar.* When I was born :  
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off

A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come; say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life.  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature; believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now;  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.*

And will dispatch.

I am sworn,  
[Seizes her.



*Enter Pirates.*

*First Pir.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

*Second Pir.* A prize! a prize!

*Third Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*]

*Re-enter LEONINE*

*Leon* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes,

And they have seized Marina. Let her go;  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's  
dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't!

*Boul't.* Sir?

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly, Mitylene is full of gallants; we lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven—

*Boult.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully odden

*Pand.* Thou sayest true, they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage

*Boult.* Ay, she qu. sly pooped him, she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit.

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O! our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.*

*Boult.* Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pir.* O' sir; we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see, if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bard.* But, has she any qualities?

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bard.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one dent of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

*[Exit Pandar and Pirates.]*

*Bard.* Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. *[Exit.]*

*Mar.* Alack! that Leonine was so slack, so slow. He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,  
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me

For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like to live

*Mar.* The more my fault

*To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.*

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boul't.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou

find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Baud.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cower'd at the hams?

*Baud.* Who? Monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Baud.* [To MARINA.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O! take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must ; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant

*Boul.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayest cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boul.* I may so ?

*Bawd.* Who should deny it ? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boul.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boul, spend thou that in the town ; report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boul.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways ; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose !

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will you go with us ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

*Cle.* O Dionyza ! such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious  
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady !  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o' the earth  
I' the justice of compare O villain Leonine !  
Whom thou hast poison'd too ;  
If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kind-  
ness

Becoming well thy fact ; what canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

*Dion.* That she is dead Nurses are not the  
fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night ; I'll say so Who can cross  
it

Unless you play the pious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute cry out  
'She died by foul play'

*Cle.* O' go to Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his prime consent, he did not flow  
From honourable sources.

*Dion.*

Be it so, then ;

Yet none does know but you how she came  
dead,

Nor none can know, Leonne being gone.

She did distain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes ; none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face,

While ours was blurted at and held a malkin

Not worth the time of day. It pierced me  
thorough ;

And though you call my course unnatural,

You not your child well loving, yet I find . .

It greets me as an enterprise of kindness

Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.*

Heavens forgive it !

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,

What should he say ? We wept after her  
hearse,

And yet we mourn ; her monument

Is almost finish'd, and her epitaph-

In glittering golden characters express

A general praise to her, and care in us

At whose expense 't is done

*Cle.*

Thou art like the harpy

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously

Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the  
flies ;

But yet I know you 'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.- *Before the Monument of MARINA  
at Tursus.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Thus time we waste, and longest dayes make short;  
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;  
Making, to take your exanation,  
From bourn to bourn, region to region  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you  
To learn of me, who stand in the gaps to teach you,  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again theuring the upward seas,  
Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanced in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Be it in your mind,  
Old Helicanus goes aboard his kind  
Well-sailing ships and to late as winds have brought  
This king to Tursus, thank his pilot thought,  
So with his steering shall your thoughts grow on,  
To fetch his daughter home, who just is gone.  
Like motes and shadows so them more awhile;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.*

*Dumb-show*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train, at one door; CLEON  
and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows  
PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat  
PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sack-  
cloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then  
exunt CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*See how belief may suffer by foul show !  
 This borrow'd passion stinks for true old woe ;  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-*  
*shower'd,*

*Leaves Tarsus and again embarks    He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea    He bears  
 A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,  
 And yet he rides it out    None please you wit  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Thomyza.*

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.*

*The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year  
 She was of Tarsus the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter  
 Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :  
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflour'd,  
 Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :  
 Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

*No visor does become black villainy  
 So well as soft and tender flattery.*

*Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be order'd  
 By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day  
 In her unholy service.    Patience then,  
 And think you now are all in Mytlen.*    [Exit.

SCENE V. *Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

*Second Gent.* No, n<sup>o</sup>r never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

*First Gent.* But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

*Second Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing ?

*First Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fic, fie upon her ! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation ; we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me !

*Bawd.* Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and clown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS*

*Lys.* How now ! How a dozen of virginities ?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to bless your honour !

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so ; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now ! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon ?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 't is to say well enough.

*Lys.* Well ; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed if she had but—

*Lys.* What, prithee ?

*Boult.* O ! sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [Exit BOULT.]

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.*

Is she not a fair creature ?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ; leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave ; a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* [To MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that I know not.

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done ?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

*Lys.* Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT.*]

Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

*Mar.* What trade, sir ?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade.

Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession ?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to't so young ? Were you a gamester at five or at seven ?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

• *Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

• *Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come unto't ? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

• *Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am ?

*Mar.* Who is my principal ?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman ; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O ! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place ; come, come

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now ; If put upon you, make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this ? how's this ? Some more ; be sage.

*Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath placed me in this sex, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, O ! that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air.

*Lys.* I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd  
thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
thee ;

Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee !

*Mar.* The gods preserve you !

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent, for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold, here's more gold for thee  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost  
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt ! thou damned door-keeper. Your  
house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would  
Sink and overwhelm you. Away ! *[Exit*

*Boult.* How's this ? We must take another  
course with you. If your peevish chastity, which  
is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country  
under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let  
me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me ?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now ! what's the matter ?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O ! abominable.

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever !

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball ; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure ; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods !

*Bawd.* She conjures ; away with her ! Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry, hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ! *[Exit.*

*Boult.* Come, mistress ; come your ways with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me ?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.



*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change ; Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib, To the choleric fisting of every rogue Thy ear is liable, thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a woollen one ?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman : Any of these ways are yet better than this ; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. O ! that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place. Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of ?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee ;  
if I can place thee, I will

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst  
them. But since my master and mistress have  
bought you, there's no going but by their consent ;  
therefore I will make them acquainted with your  
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them  
tractable enough. Come ; I'll do for thee what I  
can ; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances*

*Into an honest house, our story says*

*She sings like one immortal, and she dances*

*As goddess-like to her admired lays,*

*Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes*

*Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,*

*That even her art sisters the natural roses,*

*Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry ;*

*That pupils lacks she none of noble race,*

*Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain*

*She gives the curdled bowl. Here we her place,*

*And to her father turn our thoughts again,*

*Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,*

*Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived*

*Here where his daughter duells : and on this coast*

*Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived*

*God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
 In your supposing oncemore put your sight  
 Of heavy Pericles, think this his bark:  
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,  
 Shall be discover'd, please you, sit and hark.*  
[Exit.]

**SCENE I.** *On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene.  
 A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;  
 PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A  
 barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian  
 vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELI-  
 CANUS*

*"Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.] Where  
 is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.*

*O! here he is.*

*Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene  
 And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,  
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?  
 Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.  
 Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.*

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*First Gent. Doth your lordship call?*

*Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would  
 come aboard;*

*I pray ye, greet them fairly.*

*[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on  
 board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords ; the  
Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,  
This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
Resolve you

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir ! the gods preserve you !

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.  
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place ?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you see  
before.

*Hel.* Sir,  
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;  
A man who for this three months hath not spok  
To any one, nor taken sustenance  
But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature ?

*Hel.* 'T would be too tedious to repeat ;  
But the main grief springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him ?

*Hel.* You may ;  
But bootless is your sight . he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him. {PERICLES discovered.

This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this

*Lys* Sir king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !  
Hail, royal sir !

*Hel* It is in vain. We will not speak to you.

*First Lord* Sir,

We have a maid in Mitylen, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him

*Lys* 'Tis well bethought.

She questionless with her sweet harmony  
And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts  
Which now are midway stopp'd :  
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,  
And with her fellow muds is now upon  
The leaty shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of*  
LYSIMACHUS.

*Hel* Sure, all effectless, yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys* O ! sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so afflict our province. Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you ;

But see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter from the barge, Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.*

*Lys.*

• O' here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!

• I't not a goodly presence?

*Hcl.*

She's a gallant lady.

• *Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well assured  
She came of gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish up better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial heat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.*

Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided

That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him

*Lys.*

Come, let us leave her;

And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.*

No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gazed on like a comet; she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will desist ;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear ' Go not till he speak.'

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine '—was it not thus ? what say you ?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my  
parentage,  
You would not do me violence

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes  
upon me.

You are like something that—What country-  
woman !

Here of these shores ?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores ;  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver  
weeping

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been : my queen's square  
brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;  
As silver voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger; from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments which  
You make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, 't would seem  
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pruthee, speak;  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe  
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say when I did push thee back,  
Which was when I perceiv'd thee, that thou camest  
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
mine,

If both were open'd

*Mar.* Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look



Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O! I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incens'd god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name  
Was given me by one that had some power;  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?  
And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O! stop there a little.

[*Aside.*] This is the rare t dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.

My daughter's buried. Well; where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

• *Mar.* You scorn to believe me; t were best I  
• did give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable

Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:

• How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tarsus leave me,  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?  
It may be

You think me an impostor; no, good faith,

I am the daughter to King Pericles,

If good King Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She never would tell  
Her parentage ; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus ! strike me, honour'd sir ;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O ! come  
hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget ;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
And found at sea again O Helicanus !  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us , this is Marina  
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title ?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been god-like perfect ;  
Thou'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life  
To Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my  
child.  
Give me fresh garments ! Mine own, Helicanus ;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,

By savage Cleon ; she shall tell thee all :  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess. Who is this ?

*Hel.* Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene.  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you

*Per.* I embrace you.  
Give me my robes ; I am wild in my beholding  
O heavens ! bless my girl. But hark ! what  
music ?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter. But what music ?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None !

The music of the spheres ! Last, my Marina

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him, give him way

*Per.* Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

*Lys.* My lord, I hear [Music.

*Per.* Most heavenly music

It rips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes ; let me rest [Sleeps.

*Lys.* A pillow for his head.

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision.

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee  
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,  
 Reveal: ~~and~~ thou at sea didst lose thy wife;  
 To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call.  
 : And give them repetition to the life.  
 Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;  
 Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!  
 Awake, and tell thy dream! [Disappears.]  
*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
 I will obey thee! Helicanus!

*Re-enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARIA.

*Hel.* Sir?

*Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike  
 The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
 For other service first: toward Ephesus  
 Turn our blown sails; ere long I'll tell thee why.  
 [To LYSIMACHUS] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon  
 your shore,

And give you gold for such provision  
 As our intents will need?

*Lys.* Sir,  
 With all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
 I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
 Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
 You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm  
*Per.* Come, my Maria. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

*Enter* GOWER.

\* Now our sands are almost run;

*More a little, and then dumb.*  
*This, my last boon, give me,*  
*For such kindness must relieve me,*  
*That you aptly will suppose*  
*What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,*  
*What minstrelsy, and pretty din,*  
*The regent made in Mitulén*  
*To greet the king. So he thrived,*  
*That he is promised to be wived*  
*To fair Marina; but in no wise*  
*Till he had done his sacrifice,*  
*As I have here whereto being bound,*  
*The interim, pray you, all confound.*  
*In feather'd breeches suits are fill'd,*  
*And wishes full out as they're will'd.*  
*At Ephesus, the temple see,*  
*Our king and all his company*  
*That he can hither come so soon,*  
*Is by your fancy's thankful doom.* [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;*  
*THAISA standing near the altar, as high*  
*priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;*  
*CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus*  
*attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHES,*  
*HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the King of Tyre;  
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
 At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
 At sea in chuldbed died she, but brought forth<sup>o</sup>

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!  
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
 Was nursed with Cleon, whom at fourteen years  
 He sought to murder; but her better stars  
 Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose shore  
 Ruling, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
 Made known herself my daughter.

*Tha.* Voice and favour!  
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles! *[Exeunt.]*

*Per.* What means the nun? she dies; help,  
 gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
 If you have told Diana's altar true,  
 This is your wife

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no:  
 I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady. O! she's but o'erjoy'd.  
 Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
 Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin,  
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed  
 her

Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
 house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is  
 Recovered.

*Tha.* O! let me look.  
 If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

But curb it, spite of seeing. O! my word,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa:

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian'

*Thai.* Now I know you better.  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king my father gave you such a ring

*[Shows a ring]*

*Per.* This, thus no more, you gods' your  
present kindness  
Makes my past miseries sports. you shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen. O! come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*[Kneels to THAISA.]*

*Per.* Look! who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly  
from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute;  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have named him oft.



*Thaisa.* 'T was Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation !

Embrace him, dear *Thaisa* ; this is he  
Now do I long to hear how you were found,  
How possibly preserve'd, and who to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thaisa.* Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,  
Through whom the gods have shown their power ;  
that can

From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives ?

*Cerimon.* I will, my lord :  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;  
How she came plac'd here in the temple ;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision ; I  
Will offer night-oblations to thee. *Thaisa*,  
This prince, the fair-betroth'd of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now  
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify

*Thaisa.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
811,

My father's dead

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there,  
my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

Will in that kingdom spend our foli .  
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus r <sup>321</sup>  
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
 To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead's the way.  
[Exeunt]

## Enter GOWER.

*In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard  
 Of monstrous lust and and just reward :  
 In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,  
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
 Virtue preserved from full destruction's blast,  
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
 In Helicanus may you well descry  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity may us inspire.  
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
 That him and his they in his palace burn :  
 The gods for murder seem'd so content  
 To punish them, although not done, but meant.  
 So on your patience evermore attending,  
 New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.  
[Exit.]*

















